

ELOPEMENT

No wild romance
preceded it, no long
engagement
they say in Visalia
that Lita simply ran away
with Marc Chagall
the first time she saw his
watercolor
The Blue Fish

PUBLICATION

Now and then
some fool will see
what I see
in a poem

RETARDED BOY IN MIGRANT CAMP 1935

The moon was a giant
pumpkin
in young Otie's eyes

the sand beneath his
feet
as white as cream of wheat

and when he smelled the
magic roses
he fainted dead away